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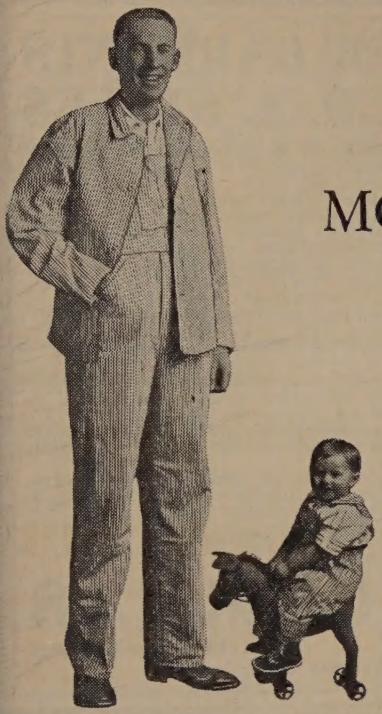

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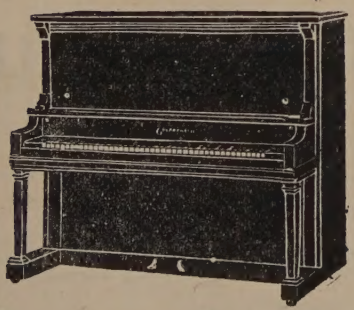

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VOL. XV SEPTEMBER, 1928 NO. 9

SAMUEL *By Joshua Reynolds.*

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XV SEPTEMBER, 1928 No. 9

What is Prayer?

By Orson F. Whitney

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

With my question so well answered, I might now close the discussion, were it not that I wish to present some further reflections along this line of thought. So I continue:

What is prayer? It is not mere lip service—a drawing near to the Lord with the mouth, while the heart is far from Him. There are two ways of offering prayer—orally, or with the voice, and secretly, or in thought, without speech. Both methods are used in addressing petitions to Deity. But neither of them is acceptable, nor of any virtue whatever, unless accompanied by "the soul's sincere desire."

John Stevens McGroarty, the genial, philosophical, broad-minded editor of "The Synagogue"—a Sunday supplement of the Los Angeles Times—says, in a recent issue of that paper, something about fasting and prayer that is well worth reading. Along with it, he pays a high compliment to the "Mormon" people. Thus:

"Under the rafters of our far-flung Synagogue, as everybody knows, sit all sorts of conditions of men. People of all nations and of all creeds. The rafters of the Synagogue stretch over all the continents, the Seven Seas and all the oceans.

"Wherefore, it is no news to state that among those who sit in the Synagogue are many people who from their religious creed are known as Mormons. All the Mormons who sit in the Synagogue are also members of the Congregation of the Faithful, because they say their prayers every night and every morning. Every Mormon does that.

"And we are very happy to feel that we have many friends

among the Mormons. We have often made it known that we have a great admiration and even an affection for them. There is so much about them that is admirable, so much that is exemplary.

"Just lately, however, we found out something about them that we had not known before. And it is something worth broadcasting in the Synagogue this blessed Sabbath morning. The thing we found out about the Mormons—and which we had not known before, is that on the first Sunday of each month of the year they fast from food. Good, pious Mormons deny themselves in this way once a month.

"Now, there are many other denominations of the Christian religion that observe fasts as well as feasts. We could name Christians of many varying creeds who deny themselves food on certain days of the year. Which is a good thing for their souls as well as for their bodies. But the Mormons put their fasts to practical uses. What they do when the day of fasting is over is to conscientiously estimate what the food on the fast day, had they eaten it, would have cost. And each Mormon then sends the amount of this estimate to his Church organization. And the Church organization uses the money it thus receives for the support of its poor.

"The result of all this is that the Mormons have no poor houses. Nor does it seem that they have any jails.

"This is what we would call practical religion. It is not religion that is the mere breath of one's nostrils. It is self-denial for the sake of others. It is going hungry that another may be fed. Wanting, that someone else may not be in need."

Then comes this hit at religious bigotry:

"It may be that someone sitting in the Synagogue this blessed Sabbath morning will say that this good report of the Mormon people should not be spoken. Unfortunately, there are many who profess to be Christians, yet who are really not Christians at all. And it is they who will say that it is only their own religion—the creed to which they belong—that should be praised and emulated.

"It was once well said by some wise man, that Christianity should not be condemned, for the reason that it has never been tried.

"And there is a lot in that saying. It really does not seem that the teachings of the Wanderer of Galilee have yet come to full flower.

"The way that we, ourself, feel about it is, that a good deed should be praised and held up for emulation, no matter by whom the deed is done. Even though it be a pagan, a heathen or a heretic who does a good deed, then shall he be praised in the Synagogue. And he shall have a high seat therein."

In another luminous flash from his gifted pen, Mr. McGroarty thus presents his concept of prayer:

"Charles V, who was sometime King of Spain, and at the same time king of a lot of other countries that had been willed to him by his aunts and uncles, once said that Spanish is the language with which to speak with God. "El idioma para hablar con Dios." He spoke truly enough no doubt. And what he said may still be true, although the scholars tell us that Spanish has changed a good deal, as all other languages have done, since the time of Charles V. It is said that it is a pretty far cry from the castellano of Cervantes, Quevedo and Lope de Vega to the Spanish of Pio Baroja, Pareda and other modern writers.

"Mexico particularly has put a lot of strange stuff in the mother tongue. The Peruvians have gingered it up with the 'quichua' of the Incas. In the Argentine even American slang has its wedge in. And so it goes.

"But, getting back to what the great king said, we may add that God may be spoken with without the use of language altogether.

"It is with our thoughts and not with words that we speak with God. Words are merely the voices of thoughts. And a thought can be a thought and yet be voiceless.

"To speak with God is not a matter of language. It is a thing for the soul to do. And He is always listening."

Mark you, our big-hearted friend, the Rabbi of the "Synagogue," does not say that words should not be used in "speaking with God." That they are "merely the voices of thoughts," is manifestly true. But there are times when thought needs a voice, and so the Lord has commanded his people to "pray vocally and in secret." To speak with God, therefore, is, as we view it, a matter of language, as well as of thought.

Joseph Smith, the first "Mormon" of the nineteenth century, but not of all time—for "Mormonism's" far-flung "Synagogue" stretches its rafters over the prayerful and honest in all ages—when he beheld in vision the Father and the Son, he spoke with them orally at first, and after the power of evil had paralyzed his tongue, went on praying in secret; and it was his secret prayer that shook the heavens, turned the key in the lock, and opened upon the world the glories of a new Gospel dispensation. Satan could and did tie the boy's tongue, depriving him temporarily of the power of speech; but could not fetter his free thought, could not prevent him from sincerely desiring the wisdom of which he stood in need and for which he had sought the Lord in the Sacred Grove that memorable spring morning. Thus the supreme value of secret prayer is strikingly evidenced in Joseph Smith's first and greatest spiritual manifestation.

Let us not, however, underrate oral prayer. When we kneel

in the family circle, or lower our heads and hearts in public worship, the one who voices the prayer is the mouthpiece of all present. That being the case, it is highly necessary that all should hear him and know what he is praying for, so that there can be an intelligent "Amen" from the congregation.

But no public prayer can take the place of the silent petition with which, in the solitude of the bed-chamber or other retired spot, we pour out the desires of our hearts to our all-seeing, all-knowing Heavenly Father. Even upon the street, in the office, or in the school room, we ought to have a prayer in our hearts for protection against accident, for the success of any business venture in which we may be interested, or for the mastery of some difficult problem that is taxing our patience and strength. God hears such prayers, as well as those that are uttered openly—if the one who prays does so with full purpose of heart. "And He is always listening."

Prayer is a means of uplift. Every prayerful thought, word or deed is a step toward heaven. Our Lord and Savior was not thinking of his own honor and glory when he commanded his disciples to pray unceasingly and always in his name. He had in mind their welfare—mentally, morally, spiritually, and in every way.

Prayer is an expression of faith, and it is by faith—which impels to obedience—that we obtain all our blessings. Eternal justice, without which God would cease to be God, demands a return for what Providence bestows. We must do something to merit what is done for us. The balance is thus preserved, the equilibrium of right maintained. We cannot get something for nothing. We pay for our blessings, in part, by asking for them. But if we do not ask, and still receive, we owe for them. Then why not pray, thus discharging in advance and as far as possible, the obligation?

In closing let me record an incident of my own experience that powerfully impressed upon me the meaning and purpose of prayer. It happened forty-eight years ago, in far-off Liverpool, where I was then laboring as assistant editor of the *Millennial Star,* the organ of the European Mission. In an overworked, run-down condition, I was endeavoring to produce an editorial article which would be read, upon completion, to the editor in chief—the Mission President—and if he approved it, given to the printer. But I could make no headway, and wore out the whole day in a vain struggle to write something worth reading. Finally I threw down my pen in disgust and burst into tears of vexation.

At that moment the Good Spirit whispered: "Why don't you pray?"

I turned almost impatiently in the direction from which the

whisper had seemed to come, and said: "I do pray." I was then praying five times a day—first, a secret morning prayer upon arising; second, a prayer at breakfast time with the rest of the household; third, in secret at noon-day; fourth, again with the family at supper time; and finally at my bedside before retiring.

"Pray now," said the Spirit, "and ask for what you want."

I saw the point at once. It was a special not a general prayer that was needed. I knelt and sobbed out a few simple words. I did not pray for the return of the Ten Tribes, nor for the building of the New Jerusalem. I said, "Father, in the name of Jesus Christ help me to write this article."

That was all, and it was enough. I arose from my knees, seated myself, and began to write. My mind was now as clear as crystal, and my pen fairly flew over the paper. Everything I wanted came as fast as I could set it down, and every thought and word was in proper place. In a remarkably short time the article was completed to my entire satisfaction. I read it to the chief; he approved it without the change of a syllable; and it was published.

This taught me a lesson, or rather, it reminded me of one that I had temporarily forgotten and needed to have emphasized. Prayer is not a matter of mere words—not a string of hackneyed, stereotyped phrases. "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire." And it was of such a prayer and no other, that the Lord said: *"Ask, and ye shall receive."*

None can pray well but he that lives well.

Pray and work.

Pray devoutly and hammer stoutly.

Pray without ceasing.

Prayer knocks 'til the door opens.

Prayer of faith shall save the sick.

He prayeth well who loveth well.

What an asylum has a soul in prayer.

REBECCA NEIBAUR NIBLEY

Rebecca Neibaur Nibley

By Amy Brown Lyman

Another noble pioneer woman has passed to her reward in the person of Mrs. Rebecca Neibaur Nibley, wife of President Charles W. Nibley and for many years a member of the General Board of Relief Society. Mrs. Nibley's earthly life closed in the early dawn of July 2nd at the family residence in Salt Lake City, where she was surrounded by her husband and children, who ministered to her during her last illness.

The funeral services were held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, where hundreds of relatives and friends gathered to pay tribute to her, and where her remains lay in a lovely bluish-gray metallic casket surrounded by masses of beautiful flowers. Bishop James A. Giles of the 14th Ward was in charge; the speakers were President Heber J. Grant, President Anthony W. Ivins and Bishop Nicholas G. Smith of the 17th Ward. Among the musical numbers rendered was the hymn "Come, Thou Glorious Day of Promise," the words of which were composed by Mrs. Nibley's gifted and brilliant father, Alexander Neibaur. Interment was in the family lot in Logan City cemetery; the grave was dedicated by President Joseph R. Shepherd of the Logan Temple.

In the passing of Rebecca N. Nibley, her husband and children have lost a loving, affectionate, and devoted wife and mother; her friends, a true and valiant friend; the Church, a staunch supporter and faithful member.

During her long life it had been no trial for her to make personal sacrifices for her loved ones. It had been no task for her to minister to their daily needs, nurse them in times of illness and help to lighten their burdens. She suffered when they suffered, and rejoiced in their joys. She was an ideal wife and helpmeet, devoted and loyal to her husband and his interests, and their success in life was due in no small measure to her ability, devotion, and industry. She worked shoulder to shoulder with him, and her practical wisdom and vision were a great asset in the partnership. She was energetic and ambitious, frugal and thrifty, ingenuous and resourceful.

When left to support herself and two children while her husband performed a mission in England, her resources consisted of a small piece of hay land, a cow, a pig, and some chickens. She took care of her garden, raised chickens, and sold milk, butter, and eggs; and, by good management, succeeded in maintaining her family without assistance. During this time $300 in cash was paid her on a debt. This money she carefully kept intact for a new start for her husband on his return.

It takes a great soul to be a true friend. There was no wavering in the friendship of this noble woman. She was dependable, loyal, tender and true; and once a friend, a friend always. No new influence in her life and no period of separation from her friends affected her feelings or devotion to them, and she was never happier than when extending hospitality in her beautiful and well kept home. Fortunate were those who tasted of this rare friendship.

Rebecca N. Nibley was a true and faithful Latter-day Saint, her life conforming to the standards and practices of the Church. She had a strong testimony of the divinity of the Gospel and implicit faith in its teachings. Her life was dominated by these religious ideals, for which she was more than willing to sacrifice. It was an inspiration to hear her testimony, which was forceful and positive, gained through years of varied and remarkable experiences. Her faith in the Gospel, her loyalty to the Church and its leaders, were unbounded. She did not criticize the leaders nor the policies of the Church. In any crisis she was fearless and without any wavering or doubt. Her view point was invariably positive and orthodox.

Mrs. Nibley was a strong character—brave and fearless. She was a woman of honor and principle, a doer of right. She had no place in her life for pretense, for the hypocrite, or for the person who shirked responsibilities and obligations. She could not tolerate the idea of a person claiming to be honest and straight forward who was not so in daily practice. She loved honesty and frankness and was a typical example of the honest, straight-forward, frank, outspoken individual. At the same time she was sympathetic and forgiving to those who repented of their errors, always ready to forgive, encourage them and aid them to rise again.

Born in the early days of struggle and privation in Utah and learning early the right values in life, Mrs. Nibley was an outstanding example of the resourceful Western pioneer woman—a constructive contributor to her family, her neighbor, and her community. One would go far to find a more energetic worker, a more frugal and thrifty housewife, a more helpful neighbor, or a wiser community builder. Even in her later years of prosperity she was never idle, never wasteful; and, while she was generous to a fault, she conserved and practiced economies which many in her situation would have scorned. It was her delight to save, conserve, create, and to help others to do the same.

A real philanthropist was Sister Nibley. Her own early struggle and handicaps made her sympathetic and tender toward those who were lacking in opportunity, under-privileged, or unfortunate. Generous to all in need, she was eager to help better the conditions of anyone in distress. Her good, practical advice she backed up with substantial assistance. She was a liberal contributor to her Church and to her beloved Relief Society and was known as a benefactress to hundreds of missionaries and others.

Mrs. Nibley was born March 30, 1851, in Salt Lake City, Utah, three years after her parents reached Utah, and four years after the arrival of the Pioneers in 1847. Her parents were Alexander Neibaur and Ellen Breakel. Brother Neibaur was the first Jewish convert to the Church and was a close personal friend of the Prophet Joseph Smith. They had accepted the Gospel in Preston, England, in 1837, and immigrated to Nauvoo, leaving the latter place at the time of the general exodus of the Saints. The family underwent all the privations and hardships incident to the travels of the Saints and to early pioneer life in Utah.

On March 30, 1869, Rebecca Neibaur was married to Charles W. Nibley in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City. She was just 18, a beautiful, wholesome vivacious, quick-witted girl, while her husband was a handsome young Scotchman, who had already shown an interest in the business affairs of the northern part of the state and who was later to play an important part in the economic and financial development of the West. For a few years the young couple lived in Brigham City, later moving to Logan. In 1893 the family moved to Baker City, Oregon, where they remained ten years, returning to Utah in 1903 and establishing a home in Salt Lake City. Ten children were born to Brother and Sister Nibley—four girls and six boys, seven of whom survive her.

Wherever Mrs. Nibley lived she was active in Church work, holding positions in the various auxiliary organizations. She was especially devoted to the Relief Society, joining the organization at the age of sixteen. During the 61 years of her membership she served as visiting teacher, ward counselor, ward president, and General Board member.

In 1909 she was called to the General Board of Relief Society in which she labored faithfully until honorably released in 1921, traveling extensively throughout the Church in the interest of the organization. She was a valuable and valued member, her business ability and good judgment being a great asset to the Board. She served in many capacities—as chairman of the Relief Society Home for Women and Girls, as a member of the Magazine Finance Committee, and a member of the Hospital Committee which supervised the purchase of all the linens for the new L. D. S. Hospital, which were contributed by the Board. She was also a member of the Friendship Circle, a group of close friends, who were most appreciative of her interesting personality and many fine qualities.

Mrs. Nibley traveled extensively both in this country and in Europe and was a keen and intelligent observer of all she encountered. She was fond of reading, was a lively conversationalist, a keen humorist, and withal a most interesting and stimulating companion and associate.

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EDITORIAL

Members of General Board Take Advantage of Summer Courses

There is a growing tendency among American women to be alert to opportunities that will make for greater efficiency in any line of work in which they may be interested. Alertness among the members of the General Board has found expression this summer in various ways. Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund, director of adult education at the Civic Center of Salt Lake City, has been attending the summer session of the University of California, where she has been interested in two courses of study; one is the history and development of adult education in Europe and America, given by Dr. Overstreet; the other, a course in child welfare under the direction of Dr. Stoltz. Adult education is coming to be most significant. Without doubt, there is with many people, a realization of the fact that it "availeth little" for the few to have knowledge unless that knowledge may be shared by the masses. For this reason leaders plan and devise work in which all may be partakers; so that, when the command is issued to advance, all are ready to proceed.

Other members of the General Board who have been taking

advantage of an opportunity to study, are Mrs. Emma Empey, Mrs. Julia A. Child, Mrs. Ethel R. Smith, and Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine. They have been attending a rather early morning class in Social Hygiene at the University of Utah, conducted by Dr. Edith Hale Swift. This course is given under the direction of educational measures of the American Social Hygiene Association.

Whoever is keeping up with the march of civilization must realize that a change is taking place in the attitude of the public towards sex hygiene. Many feel that the old way of hushing up everything in relation to sex development and sex life is injurious; that silence on this subject tends to debase rather than ennoble and exalt a phase of life that should be squarely and nobly met without embarrassment.

That there is something to learn in relation to this phase of our existence is perhaps rather obvious. Just what it would be well to impart to others, and just what modification of past practice should be entered into, is what constitutes the problem. In the meantime it is gratifying to know we are advancing.

Infant Mortality Decreasing

It is a matter of deep gratification to be able to record that infant mortality continues to decrease in the United States. This news comes to us from the American Child Health Association through the medium of its annual report. In 1918 there were one hundred deaths per thousand, or the relatively high rate of ten percent. In 1926 the death rate had been reduced to 73.7 per thousand. Last year, 1927, it had fallen to 64.4 deaths for each one thousand births. This is certainly a notable decrease in less than a decade. If the good work continues, it will be a very short time before infant mortality among children of the United States will be cut in two. To reduce infant mortality is one of the aims of all Relief Society workers and other organizations that have gone forward in the name of the Shepherd-Towner bill. It is one of the aims of all organizations having in mind the welfare of children.

Woman to Represent British Universities Districts

We learn that a woman who is a lecturer in the University of Liverpool is to stand for the British Parliament for a number of university districts. This is a very high compliment to the intellectual attainment of the woman in question as well as a compliment to all women in the civilized world who are connected with university faculties.

Sarah Elizabeth Carmichael Williamson

By Ellen L. Jakeman

Utah's Pioneer Poetess, better known to her contemporaries as Lizzie Carmichael, was born of humble parents at Setucket, Long Island, in 1838.

Her parents joined the Mormon Church, and she was brought across the plains at an early age to Salt Lake Valley, where her parents resided to the day of their death.

Books were scarce and educational opportunities of the crudest, but she absorbed a wonderful amount of learning, when her opportunities are considered, and her gleanings grew and multiplied like planted grain. She had access to that masterpiece of all the ages, the Bible. Of a pure and religious turn of mind, the influence of this great work is manifest in and through all her poems. Never has a poet combined nobler purity of thought and language with greater variety of subjects.

Her study of the Bible gave to her writings its own direct and

graphic language, while it deepened the natural religious fervor of her mind. Her spirit was tense-strung and fine, her nerves a-tremble with emotion, and her blood strained very thin through too many sieves of the same tissue. There is no doubt in the minds of the pioneers who knew her, or of a later generation who are so fortunate as to be familiar with her poems, especially writers and lovers of literature, that had she retained the brilliant mind of her youth, she would have inevitably taken her place as a queen in the highest ranks of poetry and song. As it was, her career, brief and bright, spread her fame far beyond the confines of Utah.

Her artistic temperament found little in the necessarily rude frontier life to feed the hunger of her soul for the beautiful, though in castellated rocks and deep-cut canyons of our rugged Wasatch hills she saw all the grandeur that are theirs.

MOON-RISE ON THE WASATCH

The stars seemed far, yet darkness was not deep;
Like baby eyes, the rays yet strove with sleep;
The giant hills stood in the distance proud,
On each white brow a dusty fold of cloud;
Some coldly gray, some of an amber hue,
Some with dark purple fading into blue;
And one that blushed with faint crimson jet—
A sunset memory, tinged with cloud regret.

Close to my feet the soft leaf shadows stirred;
I listened vainly, for they moved unheard—
Trembled unconsciously; the languid air
Crept to the rose's lip and perished there.
It was an hour of such repose as steals
Into the heart when it most deeply feels;
When feeling covers every shred of speech
With one emotion language cannot reach.
And Nature held her breath and waited there,
An awed enthusiast at the shrine of prayer;
Like a pale devotee, whose reverent lips
Stifle the breath that burns her finger-tips.

The crimson-tinted cloud paled, with a start,
As though new hope chased memory from her heart;
A gleam of whiteness stirred the vapor pale,
As beauty's finger moved a bridal veil;
A fleecy mass, wide-fringed with silver light,
Drooped on the summit of the proudest height;
Then, floating northward, swept in folds of grace
From the white beauty of the moon's meek face.

How still, how pure, that chastened lustre bowed
Its glance of radiance from its veil of cloud!
How meek the loveliness, how kind the power,
Whose arm of purity embraced the hour!
How beautiful the misty robe that trailed
O'er bloom that brightened, over stars that paled—
Though its white fold caught in a dusky cave,
Or swept its fingers o'er a gleaming wave,
Piled on the sward a moss of woven gems,
Or dragged to tatters through the forest stems.

A wave of beauty, only too complete,
Surged o'er my head and widened at my feet;
The skies seemed bowing with their wealth of light,
Yet earth sprang heavenward, 'twas so more than bright:
My heart found no expression—sought for none;
Why analyze the bliss it fed upon?
All its sensations blended into one—
Solemn, yet shadowless—most glad, yet deep;
I could not smile, yet had no wish to weep.
My restless thoughts seemed into one compressed;
The eloquence of all things seemed possessed,
Yet no expression narrowed to my breast;
My soul seemed to expand, my heard to melt.
Blending with all that could be reached or felt.
I had no wish unsatisfied, because
My mind's volition felt superior laws.
It seemed a ripple moved upon a tide,
Whose heaving billows bade me onward glide;
A breath born upward by a tempest weight—
A trifling circumstance controlled by fate;
Something of little worth when moved apart—
One trembling fiber in Creation's heart.

Because so few spoke her language or comprehended her flights of intense feeling, she grew up shy and reticent. She wrote many small poems in her early years that were never offered for publication, but were treasured in manuscript by those whom she loved, and may be irretrievably lost. When, in her seventeenth year, she began publishing, few could believe that the poems she offered to the local newspapers were from her own pen. They were of such a lofty nature, direct and clear-cut in thought, trailing blossoms of speech and crusted with jeweled words. No one will ever know just what was said when she presented that bit of dramatic perfection: "Lucretia Borgia's Feast" to a local editor. He rejected it on the score of disbelief in her authorship. Humiliated and shamed, the poor child went to a friend, a high Church official and wept out her story. His

gifted mind and soul could meet hers on its own ground. He told her that he knew the work was hers, and that her rare genius was the gift of God; that while it might bring her much suffering, it would be a source of exquisite delight; that she should never lose it so long as she used it worthily. He went with her to the man who had rejected it, vouched for her and her work, and the poem was published as it appears here.

When Edward W. Tullidge wished to publish a sketch of this wonderful woman in the "Western Galaxy," no copy of "Lucretia Borgia's Feast" could be found; as it was not included in the twenty-six poems that make the sum total of a slender little volume printed by her friends, but was supplied by the author of this article from memory.

LUCRETIA BORGIA'S FEAST

Beauty had gathered, to grace the board
Where the ruby wave of the wine was poured;
There were clasps of brilliants and bands of bloom,
Warmth, and lustre, and rich perfume;
Passionate music, low-toned and sweet,
Or abrupt and quick as a heart's thrilled beat,
Or proudly sad, as the voice of song
When the chord it touches is deep and strong.

The gay, the gifted, the bright, the fair,
Of Italy's nobles had gathered there;
But the comeliest form of that baccahanal band.
With the darkest eye, and the snowiest hand,
Who stood by the lord of the highest rank
And tasted the wine ere the noble drank,
Was the delicate page, whose lip's proud curve
Seemed scarcely fitted to sue or serve.

Wine! wine! it flowed in a crimson stream
Through the crystal cups, till its ruby gleam
Shadowed a blush on the soft white hand
That raised the glass from the marble stand.

The hours speed on, and the music's tone
Speaks of the bright and the gay alone—
When sudden it ceases. A voice is heard
As clear as the notes of a forest bird;
The form of the singer they do not see,
And it seemed to them like a melody
Living and speaking without control,
A beating heart and a breathing soul.
They pause to listen; that careless throng
Hark to the words of that strange, wild song:

Life, beautiful life! Warm in the heart.
Why should ever a sorrow come where thou art?
What can we gain by a struggle with fate,
More than this hour will give?
We squander life's blossoms, and learn too late,
'Tis a beautiful thing to live!

Life, beautiful life! Pluck we thy flowers!
Whate'er the coming moments bring, this is ours.
Then taste life's wine with a lip as bright—
Take what the hour doth give!
Hold only one thought in your hearts tonight—
'Tis a beautiful thing to live.

The laugh rang out when the song was stilled,
And the golden flagons were drained and filled;
But a light stole into the boy's dark eye.
He kissed the cups as he bore them by,
And his hand swept softly the harp's bright strings.
"My Lord," hath spoken—the page shall sing:

Life is lovely! Life is glorious!
When its aim is high.
Every breath should lift us nearer,
Nearer to the sky
But the life that's nobly given
To a purpose deep and high,
Wears a laurel braid in heaven.
'Tis a glorious thing to die.

Life is lovely! Life is glorious!
Every quivering breath,
Every action, though victorious,
Brings us nearer death.
But when duties are completed,
Each before its hour goes by,
Death's last pang is thus defeated,
'Tis a glorious thing to die.

With a quick, fierce peal and an angry clang
Again the notes of the music rang,
Abrupt and wild from the hidden band,
While the chords yet thrilled to the boy's fair hand.
The golden flagons once more they fill,
Their lips are burning, their hands are chill;
And they shuddering heard through the music's swell,
The boy's hoarse whisper: "I am not well."
Now loud and savage, then sad and low,
From a sneering laugh, to a tone of woe
The music speaks. Now 'tis loud and strong,
But louder and fiercer that voice of song:

Ye die unshriven before the morn,
Die unforgiven, the mock of scorn.
The ear of my vengeance shall drink your last sigh,
And the lip of my triumph shall laugh in reply.
One thread unbroken, one feverish breath—
Your sentence is spoken: Your doom is death!

They started up with a fearful cry,
With a deep, wild terror doth eye meet eye.
Jesu! Marie! What a fearful thought
On faint, swift wings to their senses brought!
They spurn the wine with a fenzied ire—
Their hands are ice, and their lips are fire.
There's a mantle of blackness above them spread,
They hear the chant for the dying and dead;
They see priests moving; wan tapers gleam;
But each life-pulse stands like a frozen stream;
And they gaze with a stupor of brain and heart
As the gorgeous curtains are torn apart,
And a form in velvet of sable dye,
With the forehead bound with a jeweled tie,
Stood looking upon them with eyes severe,
And they shuddering whisper: *"Lucretia's here!"*

The page seems fainting, but tries to stand,
And eagerly stretches a small fair hand,
And murmurs a name that *she* does not hear,
Or scorned to note if it reached her ear.
"You have paid me well, you are mine, all mine,
You have sold your lives for a draught of wine.
Was it sweet? You drank with a gracious gust.
Good night. You will slumber in peace I trust.
But before we part, taste again the wine.
Your pledges were honored. *Revenge* is mine!"

The page reels forward—the woman turns—
What an awful light in her dark eyes burns.
"Urban!" she shrieks, with a sickening fear,
"Prince of the Borgies, how came your here?"

"I called you Mother;" he turned away,
And strove to steady his white lips' play;
"I called you Mother—let that name be
Forever cancelled and lost to thee!
You ask me, woman, what brought me here;
Listen, I'll tell you—nay, come not near—
I came not knowing the way I trod,
To tell you that Vengeance belongs to God.

Be this my curse—it is dire and fell:—
May thy heart's fierce passions become thy hell,
Till thou'lt shuddering shrink from its savage tone,
And fear to dwell with thyself alone!"

"Curse not thy Mother!" "Fiend! Woman! Hush!
The name of 'Mother' should make thee blush.
I have no mother, and thou no son—
Seeker for vengeance, thy work is done!"

Then he sank to his knees, and she strove to speak,
But he spurned her back with an effort weak.
She clasped his form—it was icy mold
That shrank from her when his heart was cold.

That Sarah Elizabeth Carmichael touched and vibrated all the chords of the human heart, is found in the fact that first and last almost every one of her major poems have been denominated her *masterpiece;* that they were for all time—human—in that they still speak to the deepest emotions of those who read them, and with a clear, familiar voice.

The question of authorship settled, poem after poem followed in quick succession through her seventeenth and eighteenth years. Her patriotic poems were widely copied in the Eastern press, often without credit. Notable among them is: "President Lincoln's Funeral," too long for reproduction here, as also: "Ashes to Ashes."

Here are two poems that touched a nation's heart at the close of the Civil War, and are just as searching and applicable to our own time and recent World War.

DEAD

Weep for the dead! Not those who gave
The dust that fills a patriot's grave;
Not for the true arm still and cold;
Not for the breast that the grasses fold;
Not for the bright form under the mold;
Not for the heart that bled.
But weep, O weep for the coward vain!
Dead, for it had no pulse to drain;
Dead, for it could not feel a pain;
Dead to the core—dead!
Dead as a soulless sentence spoke;
Dead as a useless promise broke;
Dead as a sightless eye awoke:
Dead!

Weep for the dead! Not those who went
Home by the hand of a foeman sent;
Not for the smile we see no more;
Not those interred on an alien shore;
Not for the life whose pain is o'er;
Not for the spirit fled.
Yet weep for the bosom numb and still!
Dead, for it felt not patriot thrill;
Dead for it had no life to spill;
Dead to the core—dead!
Dead as the hate of an idiot's glance;
Dead as the steel of a broken lance;
Dead as a last neglected chance;
Dead!

Weep for the dead. Not those who claim
Immortal life on the scroll of fame;
Not for the soul who feared but shame;
Not for the life that reached its aim,
Not for the step that marked in flame
Print of a hero's tread.
Weep for the dead that breathe and speak!
Dead with a life-bloom on the cheek;
Dead, for they have no aim to seek;
Dead to the core—dead!
Dead as the use of a wasted hour;
Dead as the dew of a poisoned flower;
Dead as a soul's crime-palsied power:
Dead!

AMPUTATED

Good-bye, right arm! 'Tis hard to part
With one so true and tried;
One that so long hath served my heart,
And waited at my side:
Thy work is done—thy pain is o'er;
When tear drops dim mine eye,
Thy hand will dash them forth no more—
Good-bye, right arm—good-bye!

God-bye, right arm! On battlefield
Thy strength hath served me well,
And thou hast been my bosom's shield,
Where blows like raindrops fell;
But never more amid the strife
Thou wilt be lifted high;
Thy last blow saved this heart its life—
Good-bye, right arm—good-bye!

Good-bye, right arm! No more thou'lt start,
Eager to greet my friend;
But this poor one that's near my heart
No colder clasp will lend.
And should my country ever need
A guard so maimed as I,
It would be just as proud to bleed—
Good-bye, right arm—good-bye!

Good-bye, right arm! I should not grieve,
For thou hast done thy part;
Yet I can scarcely bear to leave
Thee, senseless as thou art:
My poor, scarred hand! I hold thee near
To lips that trembling sigh,
And gem thee once more with a tear—
Good-bye, right arm—good-bye!

Thus the fame of "Our Lizzie," as she was affectionately called, spread abroad. She received the homage of all scholarly people and of many who did not flatter themselves with such a title; but it is as well established as such a thing can be after this lapse of time, that she was never paid anything for her articles. Even her "Stolen Sunbeam" considered one of the finest poetical conceits ever penned, was a gratuitous contribution to literature. This poem was selected by Bryant for his great collection, "A Library of Poetry and Song." He took the liberty of retitling it "The Origin of Gold," but here we give it the author's original naming.

THE STOLEN SUNBEAM

There's a light that burns with a quenchless glow,
In the wide, deep caverns of earth below;
Like the fire that lives on the Parsee's shrine
In the amber torch of the lighted mine.
Burning forever, steadily bright;
Proud and passionless, still and fair;

Burning forever without a glare;
Burning forever so still and deep;
A quenchless flame in a dreamless sleep;
And time's broad ocean may roll its waves
While space hath room for the centuries' graves,
It hath no billows to dim the shine
Of the wizard faggot that lights the mine.

Beware! beware of a starless beam!
The nightmare spell of a miser's dream!
Emotionless ever, its subtle art
Tugs at the strings of the world's strong heart.
The stars of the earth at its bidding stoop;
Awed by its menace, life roses droop;
And the fairest blossoms that earth can twine,
Fade near the taper that lights the mine.

The Fallen looked on the world, and sneered:
"I guess," he muttered, "why God is feared;
For eyes of mortals are fain to shun
The midnight heaven that hath no sun.
I will stand on the heights of the hills and wait
Where the day goes down at the western gate,
And, reaching up to its crown, will tear
From its plumes of glory the brightest there;
With the stolen ray I will light the sod,
And turn the eyes of the world from God."

He stood on the height when the sun went down—
He tore one plume from the day's bright crown.
The proud orb stooped till he touched its brow.
And the marks of that touch are on it now,
And the flush of its anger forevermore
Burns red when it passes the western door!
The severed plume, above him whirled,
In flames of torture around him curled,
And he dashed it down from the snowy height
In broken masses of quivering light.

Ah! more than terrible was the shock
Where the burning splinters struck wave and rock;
The green earth shuddered, and shrank, and paled,
The waves sprang up and the mountains quailed:
Look on the hills—let the scars they bear
Measure the pain of that hour's despair.

The Fallen watched while the whirlwind fanned
The pulsing splinters that plowed the sand;
Sullen he watched, while the hissing waves
Bore them away to the ocean caves;
Sullen he watched, while the shining rills
Throbbed through the hearts of the rocky hills;
Loudly he laughed: "Is the world not mine?
Proudly the links of its chain shall shine;
Lighted with gems shall its dungeons be—
But the pride of its beauty shall kneel to me!"
That splintered light in the earth grew cold,
And the diction of mortals hath called it *"Gold."*

Many of her contemporaneous admirers consider Lake Tahoe her finest production. When this was written not a great many people had seen that beautiful sheet of water—a lake crystal clear, situated on the summit of the Sierra-Nevada Mountains, which separate Nevada from California. Tourist travel has given its beauty to thousands, who have felt the charm they could not express. It is one of the spots she visited as a bride.

LAKE TAHOE

Lake Tahoe, sweetest lake of lakes!
The vision of thy beauty breaks
With startling power upon the eye!
A sheen of water gleaming high
Above the tall, dark-pointed pines;
Apparently thy wave inclines
Toward the sun, who pauses there

To dress his long, bright amber hair.
And many a loose, thick, shining tress
Twines round thee in a warm caress;
Nor does thy bosom's picture slight
His most impassioned glance of light;
The day whose smile thy mirror takes,
Hath named thee sweetest lake of lakes.

Lake Tahoe, sweetest lake of lakes!
The crescent moon oft overtakes
And tramples on the soft white feet
Of day, unwilling to retreat
From the deep tide that charms its sense
By a heart worship so intense.

Oh, gem-pale amethyst that shines,
Clasping the leafy crown that twines
The proud Sierra's cold, pure brow—
Shine on, forever, fair as now!
Glow, many tinted water, glow!
There is no brighter wave below—
The Night, that mournfully forsakes,
Hath named thee sweetest lake of lakes.

Lake Tahoe, sweetest lake of lakes!
A sense of awe profound awakes
Within the heart that lingers where
Thy tranquil bosom slumbers fair,
Like a bright tear of pitying love,
Wept warm from heaven that leans above.

Sarah E. Carmichael presents such a bewildering array of beautiful poems, and such soul-searching, emotional themes that it is indeed hard to choose among them. "Allie's Baby Prayer" has been printed, anonymously printed, many times; but it shall see the light now in its proper setting, and be duly credited to its gifted author.

ALLIE'S PRAYER

We listened—'twas a little foot,
Placed lightly on the stairs;
"What is it, darling? "I forgot—
Forgot to say my prayers."
The mother took the little hand,
And kissed the meek, low brow.
And watched the tiny, white-robed form,
Close down beside her brow.
Ah! pride-chilled hearts were beating near,
World-darkened eyes were there;
But every head was bowed to hear
Sweet Allie's baby prayer..

And I have knelt where holy words
By earnest lips were spoke;
Have felt the burning gush of thought
Their eloquence awoke;

Have listened when the pleader's voice
Sank quivering to a sigh,
And I have bowed my head and thought
'Twere beautiful to die;
But never have I seen the awe
Whose robes were folded there—
Whose stainless fingers wove the threads
Of Allie's baby prayer.

It went away—that little foot—
As lightly as it came,
The sweet lips spoke a low "Good night,"
And syllabled a name;
The light reflected from her hair
Shone through the open door;
We caught a glimpse of that white robe
The angel pleader wore.
Then eye met eye, and souls bowed down
In deep contrition there;
Stern hearts were melted by the breath
Of Allie's baby prayer.

Among those who read her poetry and appreciated her glorious gift was Dr. J. M. Williamson, a young army surgeon stationed at Camp Douglas, under Gen. P. E. Connor. Mr. Williamson's culture and refinement, chivalry and deference, was a balm to her soul. Their romantic courtship in 1866 was followed by marriage in 1867.

Because of her terrible inheritance, the marriage was the cause of much apprehension and adverse criticism by the best of friends of both parties; but it is claimed that their union was ideal for the brief period that was theirs before the crowning disaster took them.

Because she was so universally beloved by all who have had occasion to write of her and her sublime genius, not one has given a name to the surety of the doom that hung over the golden singer of the Wasatch. They are to be commended for their delicacy, but now after nearly a hundred years, and not one soul left to be wounded by it, the truth may do good and no harm.

Sarah Elizabeth Carmichael was the victim of an unwise marriage. The daughter of double cousins; one of a family of seven, she and one sister were all who survived infancy. The sister, like those who died, was below normal in intelligence. Her parents were disturbed by the genius of their gifted daughter, and absolutely unable to comprehend her. Much of her writing is tinged with sadness, that will be better understood when the reader knows of the dark cloud that hovered over this sinless young girl; and be able to appreciate the passages that seem personal and prophetic.

That Dr. Williamson was disgusted by the calm appropriation of her labors without remuneration is a reasonable conjecture. He it was who wished her to do herself justice in literature with a price, induced her to begin the writing of a book, historical and biographical in character, of the Mormon people and prominent members. There is no hint that it was to be sensational or antagonistic in character; but she did not even complete the first chapter, becoming insane about a year after her marriage.

Under this terrible calamity Dr. Williamson proved himself one of the honorable of the earth. He gave up all ambition for himself to care for this woman whom he so tenderly loved; exhausting all the scientific lore obtainable to bring back reason to the fragile body it had inhabited. The delicate thing that had fled seemed ever hovering near. Indeed one writer hints that there were lucid intervals and during those hours she wrote other poems, but if so there is no vestige of proof.

Broken hearted, Dr. Williamson died in 1882, leaving his considerable property to his wife, with J. R. Walker and Boyd Park as sole executives. The frail young wife was scarcely conscious of her loss. Her parents were dead, Mr. Walker died, her sister died, and Boyd Park waxed old. Nowhere in the documents I have been permitted to examine is it spoken of, but at some time she was committed to the asylum at Provo, with special privileges and personal attendants. I saw her there in the nineties, a slender figure in a close fitting black dress, with a white crepe shawl over her shoulders, at Sabbath services—with them, but not of them.

When the end was near, she was brought to her old home on State Street, Salt Lake City, to die, and was buried in the old Salt Lake Cemetery. Seven years after her death, Alfred Lambourne published an article in the *Deseret News*, from which we make a brief excerpt:

In an apparently unvisited grave in one of the upper avenues of our City Cemetery, a grave overrun with rank grasses and weeds, and over which the head-board—the name upon it hardly decipherable and already sloping to its fall—lies the body of Sarah Elizabeth Carmichael Williamson. That neglected spot, however, is hallowed in being the resting place of a sweet woman and a true poet.

> We yield reluctant justice to the dead,
> And light the torch of fame when life hath fled.

There can be but one thought of solace for the wasted life of the loved, envied, and admired child of genius—there is a plan of progress and achievement beyond this world which will provide recognition for all she has missed or suffered in the clouded pathways of the world.

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The Russell Sisters

By Annie Wells Cannon

Among the contributors to the *Woman's Exponent* were two young women of rather unusual literary attainments, Sarah E. and Isabel M. Russell. Schooled only in the crude educational institutions of pioneer days, these two sisters evidenced a keen sense of culture and possessed the rare gift of poetry. They came of a family widely known for its artistic and literary achievements and, true to their heritage, did not conceal the light within. In files of old magazines and newspapers one often finds many gems of thought published over some fanciful name; the author is never known because either from modesty or fear of criticism the real name is concealed. Like many such, these two young women when they began to write for publication concealed their identity by the use of the psuedonyms "Hope" and "Millicent" respectively. Both have now passed to the great beyond, Sarah some years since, and Isabel, lovingly known as Aunt Belle, only a few months ago. It was the fact of her passing that called to mind some incidents in the lives of these two sisters and the family of which they were a part that prompted the writing of this article. The experiences of the Russell family are much the same as those of other pioneers who braved the long journey from comfortable eastern homes to the desert valleys of the West. The marks of toil, privation and hardship only intensified their faith and fidelity, and never caused them to lose the sweet refinement and spirit of that earlier part of their life when their surroundings were more comfortable.

The Russells were among the first families in Canada to give a refuge and a sympathetic hearing to Parley P. Pratt when he went there with his message of the restoration of the gospel. Isaac Russell and his wife Mary Walton Russell made great sacrifices for their faith. They owned a large tract of land and other property and had many comforts and advantages, all of which they laid on the altar to help build up the Church; and when they journeyed westward, first to Ohio, then to Missouri and later to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, they came as other poor emigrants, sharing all with the Saints. Isaac Russell was one of the elders who in company with Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball introduced the gospel in Great Britain. When he left his wife in Ohio to go on that mission he sold his flute to buy her some meal and left her there almost penniless. The mother, Mary Walton, had wealthy relations in England who, when she became a widow and was left with six children, offered her and her children a

home and support. But to accept this offer meant to renounce her faith, and this she could not consider. So she struggled on, finally reaching the valley in the goodly company of her chosen people. The courage of the mother is exemplified in the daughters, who not only shared with her all the trials of pioneer life but ventured even farther into unknown lands and helped to colonize in Arizona and Mexico. Here these loyal women toiled to make homes and give happiness to many in the communities where they lived, exercising all their talents and energies as only helpful, unselfish women can under the stress of straitened circumstances. Isabel became the wife of B. F. Johnson with whom she went to Arizona in 1882. Here she taught music and worked at the tailoring trade until 1889, when the family moved to old Mexico locating at Colonia Juarez. Later they moved to the picturesque valley of Chuichupe in the tops of the Sierra Madre Mountains. Here Aunt Belle served as the president of the Relief Society until the exodus of the Latter-day Saints from the Mexican colonies. All that the family had struggled and worked for for over twenty years was left behind; and she never quite ceased to regret the home in the mountains, for she was an ardent lover of nature and here, with her little family, though shut out from the luxuries and attractions of the world, she had created an atmosphere of harmonious living and contentment.

Isabel Johnson wrote her first poem while at their home in Missouri when only a girl of sixteen, and throughout the long years she found solace in expressions of poetic thought.

One tribute among many paid this good woman at the time of her funeral most beautifully expresses her worth. A friend and neighbor said: "As far back as I can remember Mesa, I remember Aunt Belle coming from the ranch to give music lessons. I remember the cheerfulness with which she went about her work. She was a very deep student and philosopher and improved upon the qualities she had. She was so enriched in soul that everything in nature appealed to her. She took advantage of all things that would add to her knowledge and spirituality. She raised a noble family and was always valiant in pioneer life. With implicit faith and trust in her God that was beautiful, she went on her journey unflinchingly, until at the ripe age of 85 she went back to her God, pure, sweet, and virtuous; and her influence will never die with those who knew her."

Two poems culled from the columns of the *Woman's Exponent*—"Patchwork" by "Hope" (Sarah E. Russell) and "Three Evening Shadows" by "Millicent" (Isabel Russell Johnson)—are here given.

Patchwork

'Tis not genteel, they tell me now,
To make a patchwork quilt,
'Tis sign of poverty they vow
And poverty is guilt
In worldly eyes—well let it be,
But you and I should clearer see,
I think it is a branch of art
That forms a good, important part
In home economy and joy,
And pleasant hours without alloy,
May thus be spent in social chat,
While fingers fly this way and that
Forming designs of light and shade
Until a perfect piece is made;
And then the quilting, oh how nice!
To meet in friendship and rejoice,
When work is done the circle spreads
Mingling the white and golden heads
Of father, mother, sister, brother—
(If not your own, why then, some other)
In pleasant play or may-be dance
While jest and song the hours enhance;
From many a patchwork quilt I trace
Some well known name, some dear, dear face,
And from one star will spring anew,
Some time of love and friendship true,
Our parents loved these simple joys,
Shall we forget—their girls and boys,
And in the new scenes scorn the old?
Ah no! there lies the purest gold,
And is not life all patchwork too
Our thoughts and actions, false or true,
Pieces that go to form the whole
Great plan divine the Gods control;
Then be our station high or low
Lets cut and fit the pieces so
That perfect shape and colors blend,
Praying that One above to lend
His wisdom where our own would fail
Courage when our weak hearts would quail,
Then may our life work be replete
In all things perfect and complete.

—*Hope* (*Sarah E. Russell*).

Three Evening Shadows

Creeping down, creeping down,
Shadows with a golden crown;
Shadows in the valley lying
Gold upon the mountains dying;
Creeping down, gently down
Shadows gray with golden crown.

'Tis thus the shades of evening fall
In youth; when Trustfulness o'er all
A tender beauty throws;
Holding without its trembling veil
Dark hours that droop with sorrow pale
With tears, vain hopes and woes.

Falling down, falling down,
Shadows with a sable crown;
Shadows on the heart and valley,
Clouds on the hills, in blackness rally,
Falling down, dimly down,
Shadows deep, with death dark crown.

Thus when the veil is rent apart,
And troubles gather round the heart,
And the pale hours press on;
Each with its weary weight of pain
Till doubt and anguish cloud the brain,
And trust and peace are gone.

Falling down, gently down,
Shadows with a snowy crown
Trembling hands are weaving now,
Flowers pale for painless brow
Shadows 'round death's solemn bier
Rest to the heart so troubled here.

Thus when the ills of life are past,
And that far shore is won at last,
Where shadows never fall;
And many are the eyes that weep,
Watching across life's stormy deep,
Waiting the angel's call.

—*Millicent* (*Isabel R. Johnson*).

Notes from the Field

By Amy Brown Lyman

SOCIAL SERVICE ITEMS

Educational Work.

Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund, a member of the General Board of Relief Society, and director of Adult Education at the Civic Center in Salt Lake City, attended Summer School at the University of California. Mrs. Lund took up two courses of study, both of which will be most helpful to her in her future work. One course was the history and development of Adult Education in Europe and America, given by Dr. Overstreet, who is considered the best authority on this subject; the other was a course in Child Welfare, a group discussion course conducted by Dr. Stoltz, head of Child Welfare work in the state of California.

Social Hygiene at the University of Utah.

A course in Social Hygiene was given at the University of Utah Summer School by Dr. Edith Hale Swift, under direction of Educational Measures of the American Social Hygiene Association. Many down-town people availed themselves of this excellent opportunity of getting expert instructions on this important subject. The General Board was represented in this course by Mrs. Emma A. Empey, Mrs. Julia A. Child, Mrs. Ethel R. Smith, and Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine. The class met daily from 8 to 9 o'clock during the Summer session.

Public Health Nursing.

Because of the increasing demand for public health nurses, interest in this profession is growing. Many of the school districts are placing public health nurses in the schools, and a number of counties are making plans to install county nurses. Only hospital graduate nurses are eligible for public health nurse training, and the time required for the course is from 8 to 10 months in universities offering this work.

The General Board of Relief Society has recently received six applications for loans from the Clarissa S. Williams Public Health Nurse Loan Fund. The young women applying are graduate nurses who are planning to enter training, either at the University of California or the University of Washington. Within the last year and a half the Relief Society was instrumental in the training of two public health nurses, Miss Irene Harris and Miss Florence West of Ogden, both of whom secured positions immediately after being graduated—Miss West in Box Elder County and Miss Harris in Sanpete County. By action of the Utah Tuberculosis Association, Miss West was recently appointed director of the Christ-

mas Seal Health Camp in Big Cottonwood Canyon from July 9 to September 1, and on September 1 she will take up work for the year with the Nebo school district. Miss Harris has been engaged for next year by the Provo City Schools.

Children's Vacations.

Through the generosity of the General Board, of some local business men in Salt Lake City, and of a number of Relief Society stake boards, a number of malnourished and under-privileged children of Salt Lake City, will be given the opportunity of spending a few weeks in the country. Plans for the work are being supervised by the Family Welfare Department of the General Board. In addition to this exceilent project, the Welfare Department is fortunate in having the further opportunity of sending ten children to the Child's camp conducted by the Utah Tuberculosis Association in Big Cottonwood Canyon from July 9 to September 1. The children selected for this camp will be those most in need of the care which the camp offers.

Social Service Institutes.

At the request of the Relief Society officers of these stakes, three social service institutes have recently been held in outlying stakes—Maricopa, St. Joseph, and Idaho Falls. The institutes in each covered a period of one week, and were conducted by social workers from the staff of the Relief Society Family Welfare Department at the headquarters office. Miss Genevieve Thornton, case supervisor of the department, conducted the institute at Maricopa; Mrs. Annie D. Palmer, assistant supervisor, conducted that at St. Joseph; and Mrs. Amy W. Evans of the welfare staff, and member of the General Board, was in charge at Idaho Falls.

In asking for social service institutes the purpose of these stake Relief Societies is their desire to improve in every possible way their social work with families needing this service. The aim is also to secure as much uniformity in these matters as possible throughout the stakes.

To insure this result, it was felt that a general understanding of the basic principles of social work is necessary, together with a knowledge of the most constructive procedure in the treatment of families under care. The ultimate aim is always to bring the family back, as soon as possible, to a normal way of living, and to avoid purely palliative relief, which weakens rather than strengthens a person or a family. The reading assigned and the lessons outlined were designed to meet these aims. In order to get all the service needed for a family, an understanding of, and cooperation with, the other helpful agencies and organizations of the community was provided for; and a study was made of the community, county, and state agencies for health, relief, and other service.

The general plan of the institutes was as follows: No meetings were held in the morning. This time was left free for private consultation with the field worker on any matter or problem upon which any president felt she would like special advice. In one stake the regular meetings were held both afternoons and evenings, while in another a longer session was held in the afternoon. In addition to Relief Society president, social service aids, stake presidents, and board members, Bishops were invited; and all showed a good spirit of cooperation with the presidents, though their attendance was more casual.

The women were asked to do some preparation work in the way of reading. *The Art of Helping People Out of Trouble,* by Karl de Schweinitz, Executive Secretary of the Philadelphia Charities, was used as a text. This book sets out, in a very readable way, the major principles of social work, with interesting illustrations and cases in point. A number of these books were forwarded to the stake about two weeks prior to the date of the institute, and the women were asked to read the book and to be prepared to discuss the principles laid down and the instances cited. The preparation was good, and the women showed much interest in this required reading. In addition to assigned readings, each person in the class was given a mimeographed outline covering the main points of the lessons given by the social worker conducting the class. These outlines were kept by the women for future reference. On all phases of the work the discussion in the classes was lively, and the efforts and ability of the women taking part were very gratifying to the class leaders.

The Maricopa institute was held at Mesa, Arizona. In the sessions devoted to a study of community, county, and stake resources, persons representing the Juvenile Court, the County, Child Welfare Board, the State Rehabilitation work and the compulsory attendance work of the schools were invited into the meetings, to discuss proper use of these agencies by the communities of the stake. The proper utilization by the various communities, of free medical sources, was also gone into after consultation by the worker in charge with the county physician, the Phoenix Free Clinic, and some cooperative private physicians. The matter of division between wards and the Phoenix Family Service Society of responsibility for families applying to the Phoenix wards for assistance, was taken up after consultation with the executive secretary of that Society. It was found that cooperation of the Phoenix wards was desirable here in order to avoid having families under the supervision of both the ward and the Family Service Society at the same time. Closer cooperation was welcomed by both the Relief Society women and the Family Service Society of that city.

In Mesa good cooperation exists between the Church and the

Community Fund. The amount of money available from this source is not large, but the ward Relief Societies, by holding a bazaar, cooperate in securing it. The fund is in charge of a volunteer, Mr. Charles Flynn, who has served in this capacity for seven years, and who cooperates freely with ward presidents and Bishops of Mesa in the matter of recommending assistance from this fund when it is felt that this is needed for a family. Mrs. Emma Rollins, stake social worker, gives Mr. Flynn a good deal of assistance in investigating cases coming to the attention of the fund.

In St. Joseph stake, where wards are separated from the stake house by many miles, a three-hour session was held every afternoon for six days. Interest in lesson work was sustained throughout all the sessions and outside reading was reported daily. The State Child Welfare Board was represented at most of the meetings. Several Bishops and one member of the High Council attended.

On the Sunday following the institute, the social worker, through the courtesy of President Payne, was privileged to address various departments of the Union meeting. In the department of Stake Presidency and Bishopric, the general plan of the work and need of close cooperation were stressed.

In Idaho Falls stake, all the social agencies in the community were invited to participate in the institute. There were in attendance, beside Relief Society ward presidencies, social service aids and stake board members, ward bishops and counselors, high councilmen, stake Priesthood presidency, representatives of the local Child Welfare League, secretary of the Red Cross, public health nurse, county physician, county commissioner, Judge of the Juvenile Court, probation officer, and superintendent of the L. D. S. Hospital. Aside from the regular course, many community problems were discussed, and by all, a better understanding obtained of the work of each agency.

In all three stakes, time was taken at the last session held for discussion of cooperation between Bishops and ward Relief Society presidents. Appreciation for the good support they feel they have from each other was expressed by both Relief Society presidents and the Bishops present. A few presidents expressed the feeling that they need a more definite time for regular consultation with their Bishops, while others reported a regular conference period with them.

Mrs. Mamie Clark, president of Maricopa stake Relief Society, Mrs. Ethel D. Payne, president at St. Joseph stake, and Mrs. Clara Brunt, president at Idaho Falls, deserve much credit, as do all those who took part in contributing to the effectiveness in these institutes.

Two of the Salt Lake stakes, Liberty and Grant, have recently been active in studying social work. During the past season,

official workers from each of these stakes have met weekly at the headquarters of the Relief Society for ten weeks, covering a good deal of work in the principles of social service and in the treatment of families needing care. The use of community resources was gone into in detail, this problem being always more complicated in the larger cities. The women showed decided interest and eagerness to do their work in the most helpful way. In these Salt Lake City stakes, instruction in social service work and the discussion of the problems has a double value: (1) The Family Welfare Department assists all stakes of the city in doing active case-work with the families needing attention and thus comes into close touch with the ward presidents, social service aids and the Bishops. (2) This co-operation results also in the acquisition of knowledge necessary to care for families constructively and in the bringing about of a better acquaintance and a greater personal appreciation of efforts of ward workers and the Family Welfare Department workers.

These two stakes met separately to study principles of social work and the best methods of caring for families in need. In each case the Relief Society stake presidency, the ward presidents, and the ward social service aids took active part. At the end of the tenth week these groups decided to continue meeting once a month as a case conference to discuss difficult problems of timely interest. These meetings have continued through the spring, and are just now adjourning for the summer. Both the stake women and the general office feel that these meetings have been very beneficial to all and that they are of definite value in securing greater uniformity of work and in bringing about a better understanding of the work generally.

The two stake Relief Society presidents, Mrs. Winifred B. Daynes of Grant stake, and Mrs. Hazel Greenwood of Liberty stake, attended the sessions and took active part in the discussions. At the close of the Liberty stake classes a joint meeting with the stake presidents, Bishops, and Relief Society workers of the stake, was held at the home of Mrs. Hazel Greenwood, Relief Society president. In this meeting, cooperation between Bishops and Relief Society presidents and between the wards and the Family Welfare Department of the general office was discussed, the purpose being to secure as close a working relationship as possible between these groups. In general a very good spirit of helpfulness and willingness to be of mutual service to each other was shown. The need of close cooperation in all parts of social service work was clearly indicated.

The diligent efforts of stake presidents and their assistants in helping to carry out arrangements for these classes and institutes has been very much appreciated by the General Board and by the Welfare Department staff.

Guide Lessons for November

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in November)

"PEARL OF GREAT PRICE"

"Again the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a merchant man seeking goodly pearls, who when he had found one *pearl of great price* sold all that he had and bought it." Matthew 13:45-46.

Evidently the purpose of this parable was to awaken interest in the value of seeking the Kingdom of Heaven, and the purpose of this lesson is to awaken interest in a Book which clearly points the way to the Kingdom of Heaven.

"The Name and Place as Scripture."

By reference to the title page of the volume it will be seen that it is "A Selection from the Revelations, Translations, and Narratives of Joseph Smith, first Prophet, Seer, and Revelator to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

This Seer was a *"Choice Seer,"* and this book contains choice selections from his inspired productions.

As an illuminator of truth it is a pearl; as concentrated knowledge, it is of great value.

It can be read aloud clearly, in less time than it takes to attend a theatre; and yet there are paragraphs that may hold the attention for hours.

It deals with the revelations of God to man, from the answering of a simple question as to which church was right, up to an explanation of the universe.

The "Pearl of Great Price" is one of the four standard works of the Church, and this position recommends it as a field of profitable study and a safe source of reference.

The Contents.

The Book contains the visions of Moses under the title of "The Book of Moses;" "The Book of Abraham;" and "Writings of Joseph Smith."

The consistent division of the contents into chapters and verses and the extensive marginal references make the Book in its present form an up-to-date student's text, lacking only a concordance to bring its study on a level of convenience equal to that of its three companion volumes of Scripture.

THE BOOK OF MOSES.

General View.

This part of the "Pearl of Great Price" is a revelation to Joseph the Seer of what the Lord showed to Moses concerning the creation and the history of man down to the flood. In many respects the revelation is a reproduction of the events as recorded in the Bible; but new light is thrown on, and we get the story with more simplicity and directness. In fact it may be said that many new and precious truths have been restored in this latter-day presentation of the Visions of Moses.

Some Doctrines and Principles Illuminated.

1. *The Personality of Man's Spirit.*

In his visions Moses saw God with his Spiritual eyes, that is, with the eyes of his spirit; he heard the voice of the Lord with the spiritual ears, and conversed with the Deity with a spiritual tongue. The communication between Moses and the Lord was, so far as the man was concerned, a spiritual communion. It was a case in which the Spirit of a mortal was called into the presence of God with His glory not all veiled, and there in the spirit was shown and told things to be remembered and revealed by the mortal man: a circumstance in proof of the possibility of a mortal remembrance of what is learned through the spirit only.

2. *The Personality of the Evil One.*

No one can consistently believe in the Visions of Moses and deny the personality of Satan. From a human testimony point of view, the evidence of Satan's individuality out-weighs the testimony concerning the Personality of God. Moses viewed Satan with his natural or physical eyes, and God with his spiritual eyes.

The contest between Lucifer and Moses points to four facts:

First. That the Devil is a person.

Second. That the Evil One can be seen by the natural eye.

Third. That man can resist the Evil One.

Fourth. That the Evil One can be banished by man in the name of Jesus Christ.

The Attitude of Moses is a Key to Conquest in the Field of Temptation. He felt and knew that he was a son of God and therefore standing upon the apex of self-respect; he then weighed the tempter with a demand for light. "Where is thy Glory? is a good question to have in readiness for the tempter.

3. *The Fatherhood of God.*

The Lord made plain his parental relationship to man by say-

ing to Moses: "Thou art my son," and frequently addressing him as "Moses, My Son." Moses was born a son of God in the premortal state; but as a man he became a son of God through baptism. 6:66-68.

The tenderness of God as a parent was shown by something stronger than words when the Almighty wept at the contemplation of what the wayward of his family would suffer.

Wrong-doing has a double terror when seen as something that hurts not only man but his Maker also. 7:28-31.

4. *Obedience the First Law of Heaven.*

The first commandments after the fall required, not blind obedience, but the obedience of confidence. The upward climb of the race began with the obedience of confidence, the obedience of faith. It leads heavenward. 5:5-7.

Entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven is impossible without the child attitude, the willing attitude, the trusting attitude, and the attitude of perfect confidence.

"Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Matt. 18:3. So spake the Savior of mankind, and then he added: "Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven." He knew that the foundation of greatness is humility, the only safeguard against humiliation. He was and is the way and the life. How often he taught the lesson of the obedience of confidence by declaring that his will was subordinated to the will of his Father.

5. *The Earth Affected by the Conduct of Those Who Live On It.*

The Earth is heard to mourn: "Woe, woe is me, the mother of men. I am pained. I am weary because of the wickedness of my children. When shall I rest and be cleaned from the filthiness which is gone out of me? When will my Creator sanctify me that I may rest, and righteousness for a season abide upon my face?" 7:48.

We know that a part of the earth may be affected by our conduct all the time. No one can say that his hand steals or that his tongue lies. The body is a tabernacle in which we live, it is an instrument which we use. Why is the cheek flushed with hope and paled by fear? There is more than sentiment in dedicating a home and in praying for the earth to yield. It is not inconsistent to believe that the things which respond to the mind may have some of the universal mind in them. "The wind and wave obey His will" may be as philosophical as it is poetic.

In the light of our study it would seem that the goodness of man gives happiness to His Creator and to the earth on which he lives; also that the evil which man does and says is a source of sorrow to his God and to the earth itself.

The cliff that sends back the song may not be conscious of the reaction; but it is more or less affected, and it is better fitted to echo harmony than it was before. So the violin is made sweeter-toned every time it is made to produce good music. A part of the earth was so sanctified by the righteousness of the people that it became heaven—the abode of God—that part of the Earth did not mourn. 7:16-24.

Questions and Problems

1. What is the stated purpose of this lesson?
2. How did we get the "Pearl of Great Price?"
3. What does it contain that justifies its title?
4. Name the four Standard Church Works, and tell what the term "Standard Church Works" means to you.
5. What is there about the make-up of the volume that recommends it as an up-to-date student text?
6. Give a general view of what the Book of Moses contains.
7. From the Book of Moses prove the personality of God.
8. Name evidences of the personality of the evil one?
9. Wherein does the Book of Moses throw new light on the Fatherhood of God?
10. Prove that baptism is a birth by which mortals become Sons of God. 6:66-68.
11. Wherein is baptism a free-agency birth?
12. Distinguish between blind obedience and the obedience of confidence.
13. What are the evidences that the earth as a planet is affected by the conduct of those for whom it was created?
14. Discuss the following:

"Bad thoughts unspoken fall over backward, dead;
But God Himself can't kill them when once they're said."

15. To what extent, if any, has this lesson increased your interest in the "Pearl of Great Price?"

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in November)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER—THE HOME

RELIGION IN THE HOME

"If hope springs eternal from the human breast it is because life is motivated by religion."—*Pope.*

"Faith in God is the first principle of revealed religion. It is the initial point in a man's spiritual career. It becomes the one governing factor and force in his life. It controls his actions and determines his destiny."—*Nephi L. Morris.*

"The country needs more religion. I can conceive of no adequate remedy for the evils which beset society except through the influence of religion."—*President Coolidge.*

"There is no narrowing so deadly as the narrowing of man's horizon of spiritual things. No worse evil could befall him in his course on earth, than to lose sight of heaven and it is not civilization that can prevent this: it is not civilization that can compensate for it. No widening of science, no possession of abstract truth can idemnify for an enfeebled hold on the highest truth of humanity. 'What shall a man give in exchange for his soul'."—*Motto in chapel of Stanford University, Palo Alto.*

I. Responsibility of teaching religion in the home is required by:
   - A. Natural Law.
   - B. Organized Society.
   - C. Direct command of God. (Doc. and Cov. 68:25.)
   - D. Necessary to Salvation.
     "We cannot be saved in ignorance.—*The Prophet Joseph Smith.*

II. Application of the Gospel principles in the home brings an ideal order of living.
   - A. Family prayers.
   - B. Attendance Sacrament Service, Observance of Sabbath Day.
   - C. Respect for authority.
   - D. Payment of Tithes.
   - E. Observance of Home Evenings.
   - F. Opening of home to Church agencies and officers, for council and committee meetings, etc.
   - G. Other principles of the Gospel.

III. Example is the most powerful form of religious training.
"Until reason is ripe, example is more direct than precept."

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in November)

ELSIE CHAMBERLAIN CARROLL

One of the most prolific writers among the women of the Church is Mrs. Elsie Chamberlain Carroll. For many years her poems and stories have appeared in practically all of the Church magazines, so that her writings are known wherever these magazines have had circulation.

She was born and reared in southern Utah, the daughter of Thomas and Elinor Hoyt Chamberlain, who, in the early history of the Church, were called with their parents to settle the Muddy Mission, and who later helped in the establishment of the United Order at Orderville. When the order broke up, Thomas Chamberlain was given his share of the common property which he had helped to accumulate. It consisted of a tract of farming land about three miles north of Glendale, known as Lake Farm because of the beautiful and natural lake which nestles at the foothills on its northern border. Here Elsie spent her childhood, living a healthy, normal life with her many brothers and sisters, the Chamberlain family being one of the largest in the Church.

Elsie's mother, a natural nurse, took care of members of the family when they were ill, and of other persons in the community who required her services. At her death, which occurred in 1927, the devotion of the family is revealed through a tribute written by Mrs. Carroll entitled

Our Mother

No matter what the trials may be
  That cross our future way;
No matter what the pains we bear;
  How dark may seem this day;
We know our lives have been more blest,
  Than lives of many others,
For God had few such gifts to give
  As she, our queen of mothers.

For us she suffered to give life;
  For us she toiled and smiled;
Her willing hands for us ne'er tired;
  Our pains she shared, beguiled.
Though shadows often crossed her years—
  Such burdens as crush others—
Her courage ever pierced the dark:
  A symbol for all mothers.

Her lips spoke only words of good—
Of wisdom, peace, and cheer;
Her soul breathed only faith
That banished doubts and fear.
So patient! gentle!—every thought
A loving care for others:
A life of service, sacrifice—
A model for all mothers.

Now God has called her home to those
She loved, who went before.
Our world is desolate and dark;
Gone is our joy of yore.
But gone can never be the light
She gave to us and others.
Oh, may we worthy be of her—
Our Mother, Queen of Mothers!

When Elsie was fourteen, she moved with her mother's family from the farm in Long Valley to Kanab, where her father had purchased a mercantile business. This place became her home until her marriage.

She attended the grade school and had two years of high school in Kanab. Then she went to the Brigham Young University, where she finished high school. From that institution she has taken also the bachelor's and the master's degree.

In 1907 Miss Chamberlain married Charles Hardy Carroll. The romance leading to this marriage started in the childhood days when they sat across the aisle from each other in the little log school house in Long Valley. Among Mrs. Carroll's most treasured keep-sakes are a number of valentines yellowed with age; these she received from her childhood lover on consecutive valentine days from the time she was eight years of age for several years thereafter. The message on the first one reads:

Elsie, my darling, your eyes are so bright
They hold every bit of my heart with their light.
And if, when we are older, my bride you will be,
I am sure we'll nothing but happiness see.

Another bears this inscription:

Charming little Elsie, you've stole my heart away,
But I'll try to live without it if you'll send me yours, for pay.
And in the years that's coming, how happy I will be
If you'll frown on all the other boys and save your smiles for me.

These childhood sentiments seemed to be prophetic of a happiness that did come with a later marriage and that lasted unbroken for seventeen years until Dr. Carroll was called home in 1925.

Dr. C. H. Carroll was a graduate of the Brigham Young University and a teacher at that institution both before and after he

received his medical degree. He did his medical work at Cornell and Chicago Universities, taking out his degree from Rush Medical College. At the time of his death he was medical director at the Brigham Young University and a popular physician and surgeon of Provo City. During the time that Dr. Carroll was studying, Mrs. Carroll did English work at both Cornell and the University of Chicago.

Mrs. Carroll is the mother of two children, Helen and Charles. Helen was married during the month of June to Donald Lloyd. A matter of more than usual interest to the family attaches to the June Commencement of 1928; for at that time Mrs. Carroll took her master's degree, her daughter Helen took her bachelor's degree, and her son Charles was graduated from high school.

Since childhood Mrs. Carroll has been interested in writing. When she graduated from the eighth grade, she wrote a little two-act dramatization, which her class presented; and while at the B. Y. U., working on the staff of the White and Blue. She has won several prizes. Her first story in any of the Church magazines was a prize story written the year after she was married and published in the *Young Woman's Journal*. She wrote the story and decided not to submit it. Her husband found it in the waste-basket, copied it, and sent it without her knowledge to the office. The story won the prize of twenty-five dollars.

Most of Mrs. Carroll's efforts have been in the field of the short story, but she has written considerable poetry. The Relief Society Magazine has published a number of her best poems.

"A Mood," expressing a longing for the loveliness and inspiration of Western nature, was written while she was in Chicago when her husband was taking his medical course.

A Mood

I'm sick of the dirt and the strife and the din;
Of political scandals; of rumors of sin;
Of the pomp of the rich; the wail of the poor;
Of the incessant grafting; the glitter and lure;
I'm sick of the faces I see without end—
The faces of strangers with never a friend;
I'm sick of the tumult of passions that play
Such a havoc with peace in my heart every day:
The passions of hate, of envy and pity—
O, I'm sick of it all,
I'm sick of the city!

And I long for a glimpse of a mountain so high
That its snow-covered summit is kissed by the sky.
For the glint of a sunbeam, unsullied by smoke;
For the calm of a silence that's never been broke;

For the flash of a bird's wing high over green trees;
For the smell of the woods wafted by on cool breeze;
For the deep sense of homage that bids me to kneel
And pour out my love for all that I feel.
Oh, I long once again to sip from those fountains
Of courage and faith to be found in the mountains.

The World War aroused emotion of varying sorts in the hearts of mankind. This narrative poem was written during the war:

The Vision

The moon peeped in a window where
A white-faced mother kneeled in prayer,
And wrapped her in its shimmering light,
And heard the prayer she breathed that night.

"O God, it is so hard to pray
With battles raging every day;
My boy's across the blood-tinged sea!
E'en prayer brings little peace to me.

"They tell me he is big and tall.
Ah me! he was so pink and small
When I went near the gates of death
To give to him of life's sweet breath.

"It seems but yesterday he slept
Safe on this breast. The tears I wept
Were from a heart o'erflown with joy.
What pride, what love, I gave my boy!

"What happy work! I'd dream and plan
The things he'd do when grown a man.
Was all my love and dreaming done
To make a target for a gun?

"I know my heart is hard to-night;
I somehow can't shut out the sight
Of bloody forms and reaching hands
Across the sea in death-strewn lands.

"It is my baby over there.
God, can't you take a mother's prayer
And make a wall of it to shield
Her baby in the battle-field?

"If not, dear Father, touch my heart
And make it strong to bear its part.
I would be brave and true as he,
But all my strength must come from thee."

The moon in pity kissed her hair
And swiftly wrought a vision fair.
It was the cross of Calvary.
But lo! its burden was not He

Who gave the world its joy.
The martyr was a soldier-boy.
A great white flag above unfurled:
"Democracy for all the world!"

"Dear God," she cried, "I see the light.
His is the cross of Human Right.
As Christ once suffered, gladly he
Now gives his life for Liberty.

"No longer is it hard to pray
For now I see the breaking day
When that great flag shall be unfurled
And wave unstained o'er all the world.

"And if he dies—my boy—if he
Can never more come back to me,—
I'll humbly, proudly bear my loss—
My boy's a savior on a cross!"

Mrs. Carroll has always been interested in young women and exceedingly successful in her contacts with them. During the time she was dean of girls at the Provo High School she wrote the following poem, which was read at the Girls' Day Program in that institution:

The Modern Girl

The modern girl with a fluff of hair,
With a dimpling cheek and a smile,
Eagerly searching the zest of life;
Practicing charms to beguile;

The modern girl with a don't-care shrug,
With a wilful tilt to her chin,
Watching the whirl of the world go by,
With never a care what traditions have been;

The modern girl in a flapper's guise;
With brow unafraid and serene;
The worry of elders, perhaps—but she
Knows in her heart she's a queen.

And so as a queen her trust she'll keep—
Her trust to the ages of time.
She still holds it dear, in her larger sphere
That womanhood spark divine.

The modern girl, she *will* carry on
As the girls of the past have done.
She'll meet her life as they met theirs,
With a larger vict'ry won.

A number of the most telling poems written by Mrs. Carroll are those which voice the deep loss she sustained in the untimely death of her husband. The union of Dr. and Mrs. Carroll was one of great happiness, and the separation sounded the very depths of her soul. One of the poems bearing on this event was read at the Conference last April. Another, which has been set to music by Professor William F. Hanson of the Music Department of the Brigham Young University, is called "The Void."

The Void

I cannot see your dear, dear face,
I cannot hear your voice, nor feel
The loving pressure of your hand.
I wait in vain your footstep now,
And wake with empty arms that reach
In longing, and a soul that bleeds
And throbs and aches through endless hours.

You must be somewhere, somewhere, dear.
If only I could know that you
Are still that YOU I love,
That you are happy, dear;
And that you know how hard I try
To keep my courage strong for you
Because you asked me to be brave.

If only you could stretch your hand
From out the great, vast dark abyss
Of doubt and mystery and fear
And let me know you know and love—
O then I could be brave
No matter what the trials that come;
O then I could be brave—but now!

The music to "The Void" may be obtained at a small cost from Professor William F. Hanson.

CLAIRE STEWART BOYER

Mrs. Claire Stewart Boyer has brought to us in her poetry a significant touch from the home, and has also written poems that reflect the birds and trees of her native environment here in the mountains.

Over thirty years ago a baby girl arrived at the home of Professor and Mrs. William M. Stewart in Salt Lake City, Utah. As a boy had been desired and expected, the newcomer had to be held

on approval until all members of the family had voted whether or not she should remain. Fortunately for her the ayes had it, and for a brief period life revolved about this fourth child, who was to be known as Claire.

About that time the kindergarten movement was waxing strong in Utah, and at the age of four Claire rode several miles every morning on the handlebars of her sister's bicycle to attend kindergarten. Thus began her educational life, which was rich and full in its entirety. The Training School was Professor Stewart's joy and pride. Here were teachers, brought from all over the United States because of their rare understanding and abilities. And upon the growing mind of the little girl each teacher stamped a significant impression, which will remain ever as a distinct force in her life. It was Elizabeth Kimball, teacher of the fourth grade, who discovered a spark of literary talent in the child, and who sought ardently to develop it. Subscriptions to St. Nicholas, Youth's Companion, and the Juvenile Instructor, luxuries to children in those days, were secured, and an intense love of literature resulted.

At home every new educational feature was installed as soon as it came out. A sand table and blackboard occupied the entire side of the library, and all the blocks and colored balls and sense developing games that were just being introduced into the schools, together with great cases of fascinating books were the most prominent furnishings of the room. Here was indeed a paradise for children in the nineties.

During the summer months the Stewart family went to their ranch in Provo canyon. Here were spent the happiest days of Claire's life, for here she enjoyed communion with nature and a more intimate companionship with members of the family than was possible during the winter months. Her father was a great idealist and an intense lover of nature. The beauty of Pine Valley at dawn overwhelmed him with ecstasy. Many mornings each summer the little girl would be called from her bed, and a moment later would be standing with her hand in her father's gazing silently at this five o'clock glory. Not until many years later was she able to express those moments in poetry. "The Hill Wife" and "Dawn" are recollections of such mornings. Her only attempt at the time to express the beauties of nature, was the habit of walking alone up the canyon road, and trying to make up phrases that would describe what she saw and felt. But these oral creations were all lost on the wind.

In high school she was again inspired by a teacher, Dr. Adam S. Bennion. Here also were established most precious friendships, one of which resulted in a close study of modern poetry, which resulted in the composition of quite a number of poems molded upon the forms of Amy Lowell and her contemporaries. At the University of Utah she won literary prizes and honors and be-

came editor of the Pen, the literary magazine of the University. She was especially encouraged in poetry by Charles Wilbert Snow, the Eastern poet, who said in parting, "It is up to such Western-born hearts as yours to write the glory of this country. We Easterners can't. It is up to you to immortalize your meadow lark and your sea-gulls." Those words, cherished for over ten years, were instrumental in the execution of the poems "Sea Gulls" and "The Meadow Lark."

Claire Stewart graduated from the University in 1916 and taught in the state high schools until 1919. In 1918 she was married in San Diego to Lieutenant D. A. Boyer of Springville, Utah. They had been college chums and co-participants in dramatics at the University under the direction of Miss Babcock. A few weeks after their marriage Mr. Boyer sailed to France and Mrs. Boyer began writing poetry in earnest, from two to five poems a week, completing in the year a volume of love and war poems.

After the war Mrs. Boyer wrote only occasionally, when inspired. Some of her best poems of this period have appeared in the *Relief Society Magazine*. They are "Her Things," "Child," "Aunt Em" and "If Ye Have Faith." Other poems have been published in New York and Boston magazines. Recently the muse has been with her constantly, and this year she has written more and better poems than ever before. She has compiled a volume entitled "Wife O' the West," which she hopes to publish soon. They are most of them home poems and observations on life. Several of these follow.

Mrs. Boyer is the mother of two sons, and of a daughter who died in 1924. She has some of the idealism of her father, whose advice always was, "If you cannot realize the ideal, idealize the real." Her mother's ambition and persistency in the accomplishment of the tasks she sets herself, have always been an inspiration and an incentive to her to go on in the face of many discouragements. There are two great urges within her which cry for development—the desire to write and the desire to teach, inherited from her mother and her father respectively. She has private students in both reading and writing. At present she is very proud of a class in "Writing for Magazines" the members of which are publishing stories, poems, and plays in prominent magazines.

From Mrs. Boyer's biographical sketch we learn that "The Hill Wife" and "Dawn" were inspired by her early morning walks with her father. "The Hill Wife" was published in the Relief Society Magazine some time ago. "Dawn" we shall include in this lesson:

Dawn

The jeweled fingers of the Lady Dawn
  Caught a cloud-cluster idling in the air,
And turned it to a wreath of primroses
  To nestle in the glory of her hair;

Then flinging scarfs of gossamer aside,
Like rainbow colors free to dance and play,
She bared one shoulder from the coverlets
And pursed her coral lips to kiss the day.

As examples of her nature poems and particularly of those growing out of her native environment we include "The Meadow Lark," "My Mountains," and "Buds."

The Meadow Lark

A melody pierces the perfect dawn!
I bound from my bed like a startled faun,
And dash the dripping sleep from my eyes—
A meadow lark carries my heart to the skies
As I look up.

Like waters that leap in the laughing sun
And sing with the splendor of day begun,
The throbbing tones challenge and lure and beseech,
Telling me God is within my reach
If I look up.

My Mountains

You don your gowns for me: your blue March gown
With snow-spun lace reveres; your April frock
Of timid green and gems of amethyst,
Which puts a sacred hush upon my love.

Then summer comes and you are mad with joy,
You pose before me in your gown of blooms:
A robe of saffron over emerald,
Three shades of laughing blue, a scarlet scarf,
And you expect me to retain my heart.

Not half content with these, you mock my love
In Autumn dress, a fluttering gypsy maid
With chestnut skin, your lips ripe-berry stained,
Your skirts long sweeps of radiating rays,
Crimson and gold—chaotic harmonies.

When I would speak you suddenly grow cold,
I kneel in silent worship at your feet,
And when I raise my eyes I see you robed
In chaste white garments for your burial.

So must each lover, over-awed by love
And over-hushed by beauty, be content
To watch the passing of the one he loves,
And wait the coming of another Spring.

Buds

I never see a rosebud in the spring,
First blush of joy to an expectant bower,

Without a melancholie wondering
Why we pick buds not leaving them to flower.

The loveborn softness of its petals warm,
Its dawn-enfolded baby coloring,
It breathes again; I hold within my arm
My precious rosebud of a former spring.

I know now why God takes the infant buds
From out the arms of Mothers in the Spring.
It is a mortal and immortal dream
To pluck and hold the only perfect thing.

In the sketch, you will note that Mrs. Boyer has lost one of her children. Her poem "Boys' Day" as also "Buds" reveals much of the mother heart and interest in children that was manifest in the poem she read at the April Conference.

Boys' Day

I plucked a perfect rose bud in the spring,
Symbol of one who died in infancy;
I started with it toward his tiny grave
Thinking how Life had made its mock of me.

For it had robbed me of my only son,
And left me gaping before empty years:
So I went blindly on in graying grief,
Seeing the world through mists of unshed tears.

I took the bud in trembling memory,
And through the streets my way I slowly made;
A gruff policeman pushed me back apace,
"We're roping off here for the Boys' Parade."

And then I looked around and saw the lads,
Bright eager boys the age my son would be:
I looked into their burning eyes and lo!
My own Lad's youthful soul communed with me.

One boy looked proudly up into my face
And then glanced shyly at the rose I held,
I swallowed hard, but stooping, slipped the bud
Into the happy youngster's coat lapell.

His eyes shone and he doffed his cap to me,
Embarrassed, but with grace the gesture made,
The tiny grave would never miss the bud—
And I stayed on to see the Boys' Parade.

Mrs. Boyer's husband was one of the men who was sent over seas. It would be strange if the World War and particularly the condition in which she found herself separated from her young husband, did not lead her to write some things in relation to the

War. In addition, Mrs. Boyer has given us some of the very best Christmas poems that we have published in the magazine. We are happy, because it is characteristic of her writings, to include as her last poem in this lesson—

"Frankincense, Spices, and Myrrh"

He sat at the door of his Belgian home
  Re-made from the War's debris,
And he thought of the Christ in the manger born
  And the Christ on Calvary;
He thought of the nails in the Savior's hands,
  And his war-racked memory
Saw his own blown off by a hand-grenade
  For the love of his own country;
He thought of the eyes of the dying Christ
  As He uttered, "Lord Forgive,"
And he thought of his own burned out by the men
  Who had dared him to laugh and live.

Within the house lay his wife and babe—
  A son he had heard them say—
And he sought the bed with a heart-sick soul
  And he knelt on the floor to pray;
"Of all the joys stored up above
  Thou hast given the greatest to me.
So God accept the life of a man
  Who can neither touch nor see;
Let me die of joy at Thy great reward
  Ere my own son's pitying glance
Fall upon him whose eyes and hands
  He gave to help save France."

They carried him out to the open door
  And bade him rest nor think;
They brought his book and read to him,
  They brought him food and drink.
He sat at the door of his Belgian home
  Like one whose mind is gone
But he listened to those who moved about
  And his lips kept murmuring on—
"Oh God let me lie where I long to lie—
  Neath the soil of my native land;
And let him, my son, grow up to see
  The Peace of the World at hand."

It was Christmas eve and three great men
  Had met at a gay chateau,
They had traveled far but their rendezvous
  Was not for the World to know.

They had knitted brows and they wore with grace
The scientific mien,
They carried gifts in their skillful hands,
Great gifts that were quite unseen.
"We have the joy of discovery,"
One said: "We have the power,
And if God will we shall prove to Him
We need but the man and the hour."

The Belgian sat at his cabin door
Long after the sun had set,
And the stars were hid and the night was dark
For the fog was thick and wet;
But there came a light through the muggy night,
And he felt its piercing ray,
Some steps he heard and a human voice,—
Three journeymen on their way.
A word and a thought and a prayer to Him
And the Wise Men bowed them low
And began the task that their hearts had dreamed
And that only their minds could know.

A year and a day they worked away
With a joy that none could see,
As they thought of the Christ in a manger born
And the Christ on Calvary,
And one of them made a pair of hands,
And one of them grafted eyes,
The third restored his memory,
For the three were skilled and wise.
And the man who had prayed
That he might be laid
Neath his harried country's sod,
Bowed his head at the gifts that the Wise Men gave
And wept before his God.

And the three who had plead that they might be led
To this newer Bethlehem,
Gave thanks to the Lord of All the World
For the star that had guided them—
It was Christmas day when they stole away,
And they left a happy three:
A mother, a babe in a cabin born,
And a man who could touch and see.
Unknown they had come, their service done
To "one of the least of these"—
Night of the Christ Child once again,
Once more the gift of Peace.

Questions and Problems

Elsie Chamberlain Carroll

1. Do you think it natural for one born in the peaceful vales of Utah to experience a mood such as Mrs. Carroll voices in her poem "A Mood?" If you have had experiences somewhat similar, relate them.
2. Do you recall among your friends persons whose attachment began in childhood and finally resulted in marriage?
3. Underline in Mrs. Carroll's nature poems a group of words that you think are particularly apt.
4. Select from her poems in this lesson the two that you like the best.
5. Do you hold the same opinion that Mrs. Carroll expresses in relation to the modern girl, or is your idea different? If so, why?

Claire Stewart Boyer

1. What are the two different pictures presented by the two writers in their war poems?
2. Where in her poems has Mrs. Boyer made reference to the loss of her child?
3. Do you think that giving a rose to the living was a more practical thing than carrying it to her baby's grave? Which do you think would really do the mother the most good?
4. Which poem is devoted to one of our mountain birds? Does it coincide with your experience with the bird?
5. What details relating to Mrs. Boyer's early life lead us to discover the care with which her father and mother reared their children?

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in November)

THE CHILD STUDY COURSE

Lesson 8. (a) Bridging the Gap Between Our Knowledge of Child Well-Being and Our Care of the Young, and the
(b) Relation of Nutrition to Mental Development.

We now enter upon a new phase of our study of the child, his nature and his needs. Up to this point (part one of the text) we have been concerned with the fundamental principles of child nature—the laws of psychology, character development, learning, etc. From now on (part two), however, we are going to examine the principles of child-care as they are illustrated in our knowledge of such things as nutrition, mental development, mental hygiene,

delinquency, adolescence, care of intellectually inferior and superior children, etc.

(We are making one lesson out of two chapters for the reason that Chapter VIII, Bridging the Gap Between Our Knowledge of Child Well-Being and Our Care of the Young, is largely a summary of the seven chapters which follow it. The valuable parts of the chapter will be discussed in subsequent lessons. For this reason, the reader might very well omit it.)

A. Bridging the Gap.

This excellent statement (Chapter VIII) of the fact that society knows a lot more about children than its members put into practice, is made by Dr. H. H. Goddard, a very able authority on feeble-mindedness and delinquency. It was he, by the way, who first adapted the now-famous Binet-Simon intelligence tests to American conditions. He is now professor of psychology at Ohio State University.

He makes three important points to which we should like to call the reader's attention.

1. "The gap between our knowledge of child well-being and our actual care of the child is enormous." The author argues that if the care of youth were "efficient and intelligent," society would be getting an increasingly stronger grip on such chronic social ills as juvenile delinquency, crime, insanity, etc., while as a matter of fact, conditions in this respect are getting worse.

It might very well be objected, however, that social conditions are not so black as Dr. Goddard paints them, and even if they are, the situation is not due solely to society's inability to rear its children according to scientific principles. It is very probable that many of our social ills are also due to defects inherent in the social order.

2. His second point is that notwithstanding our elaborate knowledge of individual differences, we still act as though people are fundamentally alike. It is interesting as well as surprising to note that one must either get into the hands of a physician, a lawyer or a social worker before his "case" or his "problem" is individualized! Teachers and parents, speaking generally, have neither a technique nor a philosophy for dealing with children individually. When parents and teachers do individualize children—and many do—it is usually by rule of thumb methods. One of the most imperative needs in education is for a scientific procedure for individualizing normal children in the home and in the school.

3. Dr. Goddard's biggest and best-stated point is that the child is endowed by nature with certain strong impulses which must be socialized by habit-training. "In the modern world," he says, "we live close together and in a co-operative society. We have divided up the work of life, so that we are each dependent

upon all the rest. Under these conditions, the instinct to hoard and accumulate becomes stealing. The instinct to deceive becomes lying, and unlimited sex activity becomes immorality."

Questions

1. Discuss the relative merits of the following frequently-quoted aims of public-school education: the acquisition of skill, the acquisition of information, the development of character, the development of wholesome personality, preparation for vocation.

2. Assuming the fact, why is there such a wide gap between what we know and what we do about child care? Consider, for example, how little we do to prevent the spread of scarlet fever, to keep children from being hurt or killed by automobile, etc.

3. What special provisions, if any, do your local schools make for (a) superior children, (b) mentally defective children, (c) children with a special talent or disability? To what extent is religious education in your community (e. g., Sunday School, Primary or Religion Class) influenced by the fact of individual differences?

B. Relation of Nutrition to Mental Development.

Dr. Emerson, professor of children's diseases at Tufts Medical College, Boston, has given us in Chapter IX a nice, simple statement of the bearing of nutrition on the child's mental development. He states clearly and with emphasis the outstanding fact in this relationship, namely, that mental development accompanies physical development; that mental backwardness goes hand in hand with physical backwardness. There is no one fact in the entire science of child development quite so well established as this. In a recent study of several hundred gifted children by Professor Lewis M. Terman of Stanford University, this principle is again corroborated.

The causes of malnutrition as Dr. Emerson sets them forth, are not "lack of food" as many parents have supposed, but a complex of factors calling for expertness in diagnosis and treatment. It will be very striking to many persons of the "new" as well as the "old" schools of child care to hear the child specialist say:

"We can discover which of the causes of malnutrition are operating in any given case only by complete social, physical growth, and mental examinations. Each of the three is essential."

The mental aspect of nutrition is so important, yet so rarely recognized, that we are including here a few excerpts from a chapter on "Learning to Eat," from Blanton and Blanton's recent book, Child Guidance (Century, 1927).

On the perplexing subject of thumb-sucking, for instance, we read:

"Since thumb and finger-sucking must be considered as an

indication of the appetite or the state of metabolism of the child, mechanical restraint such as elbow cuffs or aluminum mitts, or pinning the sleeve to the bed, should not be employed. The remedy lies in diet and sunshine.

"In nearly all infants and young children there is a tendency to suck the fingers or thumb when sleepy. This, one can afford to ignore, unless it is carried beyond the third year. It is a normal infantile form of gratification."

On the subject of the child's refusing food in order to gain attention, we have the following explanation:

"Often, when the appetite is poor or the child has been unwell, he has to be coaxed, petted, cajoled and urged to continue his feeding in order to empty the bottle or breast. As a result he develops a method, perhaps subconsciously, whereby he gets attention by refusing his food; and unless he is very hungry, he is apt to resort to this procedure to get this attention."

The infant must not only learn to eat, but must learn how to eat with others, in the approved fashion. To parents with problems of this sort, the Blantons say:

"To require children to sit with adults and accept the adults' rate of eating; to watch the adult dally over a special food which to him is delectable; to sit through the conversation of parents often without saying anything or getting any attention, is destructive of good discipline.

"Women who do their own housework often do not realize that it is actually more convenient to feed children before the family sits down to the table. A small table for the children can be arranged in the kitchen, and a little festival made of the meal."

And finally:

"The child's meal hour should not be looked on as an opportunity for a lesson in eating only. The mother should take this occasion to demonstrate to the child—by example, not by precept—some of the social graces requiring tact and skill. At least one meal a day should be made a "party" with the child specially cleaned and dressed and on his best behavior."

Questions

1. What are some of the mental or behavior characteristics of malnourished infants and children?
2. What are the five chief causes of malnutrition, according to Dr. Emerson?
3. What is a "nutrition class"? Are there any such in your community?
4. Just how much malnutrition is there among the school children in your community?
5. What is the general nature of the health work in the public schools of your community? Is it adequate? Does it include any mental hygiene?

"PICKLING SEASON"

It will soon be time for putting up pickles. It is every woman's ambition to put up better pickles than her neighbor, and almost every woman, some time in her life, has been induced to take 'something just as good' in the way of pickling spices and vinegar. As a result, she has lost her pickles.

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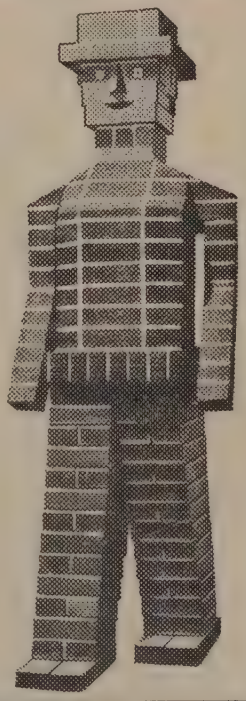

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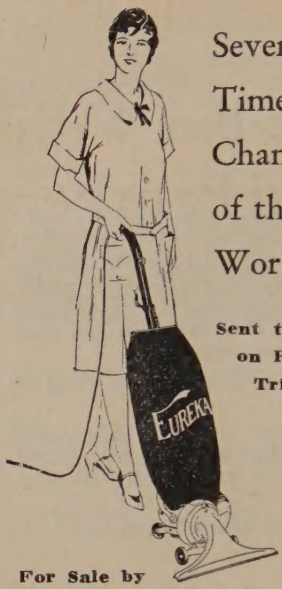

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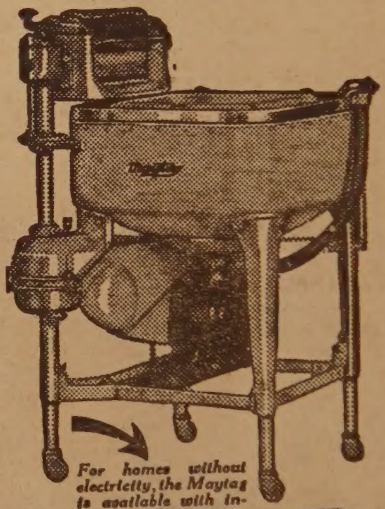

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